



NEW TRICKS

Sigma Tau Delta

2015



New Tricks is a literary magazine that began in 1992 when a small group of students, known as the Literary Stunt Dogs, started to gather and produce student work. It has since evolved into a larger publication that includes not only poetry and prose, but also features photographs, digital art, and multi-media.

New Tricks is now a product of the DSU chapter of Sigma Tau Delta, an international honor society. The Dakota State University chapter of ΣΤΔ, Alpha Gamma Lambda (ΑΓΛ), was established in the spring of 1993.

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Introduction

“As above, so below, as within, so without, as the universe, so the soul.” Hermes Trismegistus

I am but a humbly painted vessel of the Almighty Artist, here to share in this uniquely significant piece of the great mural. They say that art imitates life and that through the creation of art we become one with the divine painter of the universe. That is why the calling of the artist is the most noble of pursuits, for the artist is the truest reflection of the source of things. Yet art is not finite and cannot be nailed down. Like the artist, art channels itself through many different vessels and media. It is elusive, but when encountered there is a definite understanding that the Almighty Artist is present in the work.

In this, our collective effort at paying homage to our inner artist, we have collected together reflections of life as channeled through the talented artists of Dakota State University. Mirroring the Master Creation, *New Tricks* has become a perfectly reflected world of its own. Each piece of art inside the magazine has been given life and granted power to interact with the rest of creation, namely you. So it is with great honor that we present to you the many mirrors of our souls, so that they may act as portals for you to venture deep and greet the eternal inside of us.

Dillon Dwyer - President of Sigma Tau Delta

Acknowledgements

Taking on the entire construction of a magazine is a real challenge. The team that I have had the privilege of working with has done an excellent job taking on this challenge and producing a brilliant work of art in itself.

First, I'd like to congratulate and thank every member of the team for their dedication and work ethic toward all of the accomplishments throughout the production of the magazine. Next, a very large 'thank you' is in order to Dr. John Nelson for his persistent and vigilant guidance, without which we would not have had so much success. Also, Deb Pauley and the staff at the Dakota State publishing house, along with the members of the Sigma Tau Delta chapter at Dakota State, thank you for your continued support. This year we are hosting a publishing presentation for the release of the magazine, at which the contributors have the opportunity to recite their works. This is possible because of the backing that we have received from the Madison Area Arts Council and Chris Francis. The team would also like to personally thank Deana Hueners-Nelson and Nathan Shay for their assistances and influences on the development of the magazine.

Seemingly, many people see Dakota State as a technical and analytical school; and, while this is true, that does not mean that the many students are not creative. This magazine is genuine proof of the bright and brilliant imagination that flows within the students of Dakota State. I am appreciative to have been a part of this, widely successful, creative outlet that is *New Tricks*.

Dylan Winthers - Editor in Chief, *New Tricks* 2015



TP ISSUE

| Rick Janssen

Over
Under

Don't care

Just
Glad
That
Tissue
Is
There



They Real Fly

| Ashley Geditz

They real fly. They
Bought high. They

Drew dice. They
Throw twice. They

Can coke. They
Blow smoke. They

Laid lie. They
Soon die.

The Tarot Witch

| Ashley Burtz



Inside Walls

| Justin Erickson

Inside walls cast of concrete and cobblestone,
Flesh and bone,
Rabid dogs guard their writhing kill,
Eat their fill,
And as the ghost dreams of life anew,
I replay my death like déjà vu.
In here where gnats and hornets flock,
Plague and mock,
The jester wails to a crowd of none,
Save for one:
A stranger who looks a bit like you,
Who laughs then softly applauds on cue.



Growth

| Dillon Dwyer

Like a fresh seed placed by a hand of purpose, I found comfort in the encompassing warmth of that earthly darkness. Only when I peaked out from the cracks my shifting growth had caused, I did realize that the extent of my life had only just begun. Now, as I writhe for the sun, I must leave only my roots to remember that blissful darkness. Proceeding towards the ripening of heavenly fruits so that my seeds will fall again with the hope of rising to high branches.

Weeds

| Michaela Johnson



Over. Easy...

| Ashley Geditz

I, an able heart, the whole time
could have stood, gotten to my feet—
and walked away.

You never wrote a line for me
Just spilled your ink haphazardly,
And I rushed to fill the pages
To sculpt our own melody,
leave this underside of silence
but you just etched out your image,
only in love with a vision.

We were done before I knew it
Just like two eggs in the morning—
Over. Easy.

Changes

| Ashley Geditz

You loved me during the hottest summer night,
Under an obese night sky, eyes bright and starry-eyed
While the june bugs sang a tune we never thought would end.

You loved me when the first leaf fell from the trees,
And autumn's cool breath danced all around us
And painted the landscape burnt oranges and rusty reds.

You loved me while fat white flakes fell from the sky,
As we discussed our hopes and dreams
Billowing clouds escaped from our mouths.

But I like to forget when the birds began to chirp,
How I was left alone wearing a sundress in a field of daisies
And how fast a love can change, much like the seasons.



Ford's Theater

| Dillon Dwyer

Snake of snakes to tease supreme knowledge contained in fruits of nature and hard labor.

It took six days to build it all, only minutes for it to fall.

Rebel, rebel how sweet the sound of freedom in knowledge and suffering.

I'd kill my brother for his land because my parents weren't around.

How original was the sin that started a revolution?

It's ugly what they made me do to the son of god.

But, we all have our moments.

Let he who has sinned greatly cast stones about, searching for he who is without.

Do you think Booth killed Abraham because of what he was willing to do to his son?



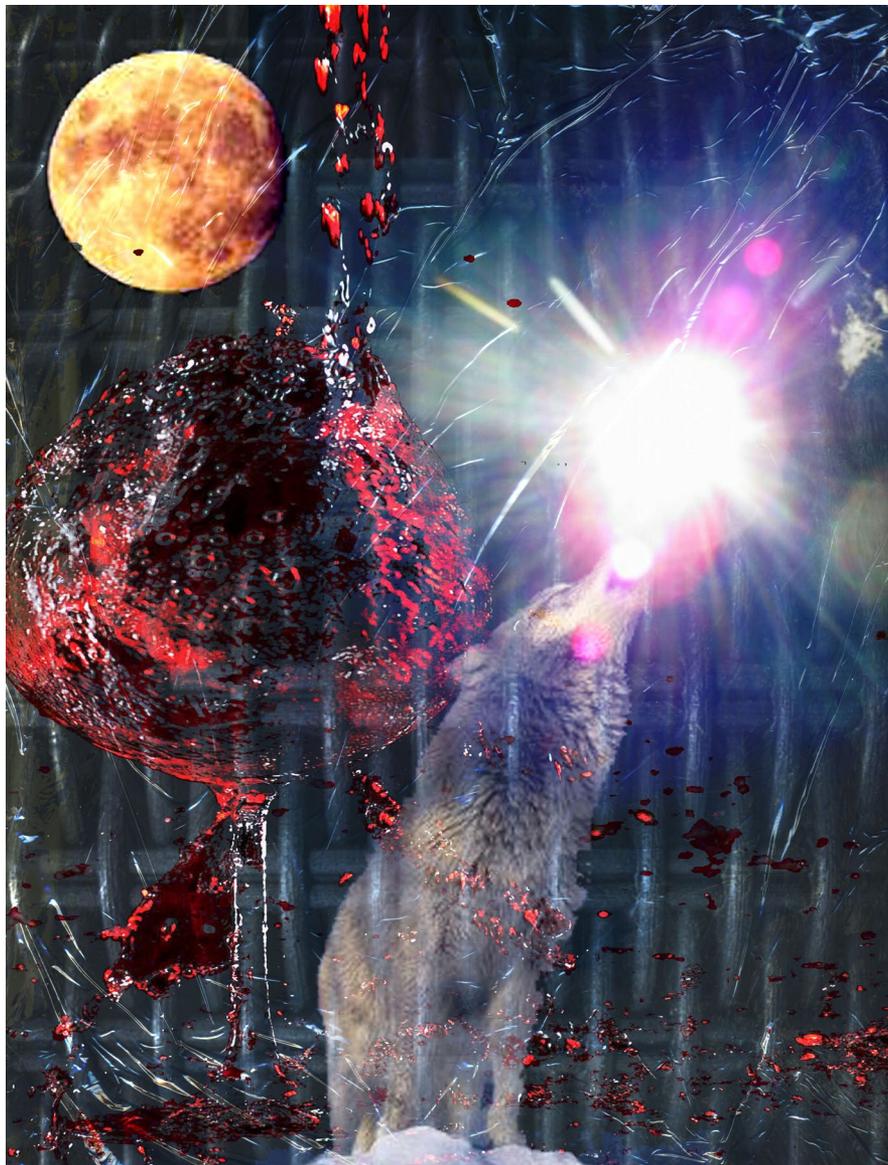
Blessings

| Sarah Sproul



Blind Taste

| Chelsea Meyer



Nishi

| Mostafa Haque

A cool gust of wind told Reza it was time to go back home.

The sun was already hanging low over the Buriganges: a crimson orb floating amidst cerulean skies and scarlet clouds. Merchants had already started packing up their wares, though the Harvest Festival would continue well into this autumn night.

A part of Reza wanted to stick around and see the dancing and ‘grown-up stuff’ his mother had warned him about. At the same time, he dared not risk missing supper. And with his father off to Dhaka, someone had to keep his mother company.

Reza hastily stuffed his little pouch with Kadamba flowers, said goodbye to Uncle Sina the florist and hastened out of the festival grounds while munching on a well-made Bhapa Pitha. There was still one thing left to do. He couldn’t go home alone, after all.

A few dozen yards away from the stalls, Reza found his sister standing alone in the shadow of an old banyan tree. Rehana never really liked large crowds, but the smell of fair food was too tempting even for her. “Ready to go home, little brother?” she said with a smirk on her face. Rehana was two years older than him. Yet she never seemed to age compared to him, just taller.

Reza nodded and offered her one of the Kadamba flowers he’d bought from old man Sina. They were her favorite, after all.

“Aww, isn’t that sweet of you pipsqueak? Give’em to me after we’ve gotten back. Amma and Abba never bought me a fancy pouch you know.”

The walk back home was something Reza dreaded. The villagers never got around to fixing the bridge that was washed away last monsoon. The siblings would have to take a detour through the woods to get back home.



The sun had long since vanished beyond the horizon when they finally reached the edge of the forest.



A dark, moonless sky loomed ominously above them. While groves of old mango trees stood motionless before them – silent sentinels warding the innocent away from the dangers of the night.

A single path crossed the entirety of the woods. Yet in the dark, finding it was all but impossible.

“Stay close to me, pipsqueak.” Rehana said in a surprisingly concerned tone “I wouldn’t want Amma and Abba to have to go to another funeral... and don’t listen to anything that calls out your name either.”

Reza knew what his sister was talking about. He had grown up on his grandmother’s folk tales too after all.

They said that the Night could see the sorrow you carried in your heart. And that it would use that sorrow to lead you astray. The Night spoke with the voice of the deceased, to lead their grieving loved ones to Death. “Slow down, sis!” Reza yelled struggling to keep up with his sister. The last traces of sunlight had vanished from even the western horizon leaving nothing but the faint glow of distant stars to light the young boy’s way.

Despite what the romantics would tell you, the star light was barely provided enough light for Reza as he caught his foot on a protruding tree root. His face met the moist, cool earth as he stumbled forward cursing his own lack of coordination. However, anger soon faded, replaced by fear as Reza realized he could no longer see his sister in front of him. He couldn’t even hear her anymore.

Reza desperately started praying, like his mother had taught him, though he had a hard time remembering the words. The stories his grandmother had told him kept flashing into his mind, filling him with dread he never thought he’d feel.

Monsters that seemed too ridiculous to exist in the light of day suddenly became terrifyingly real in the dark. And he couldn’t help but desperately wish his old grandmother was here.

Suddenly he heard a voice, a faint voice calling out from a distance. At first, the boy couldn’t quite make out what the voice said. But gradually it became louder and clearer.

“Reza....Reza...”

He recognized the voice. It was his grandmother.

“Reza...Reza...”

The voice repeated itself. Reza wasn't too far off from his homestead. Rehana must have gone on ahead and gotten help when she realized her brother wasn't behind her.

"Reza...Reza..."

The voice was getting louder. It did seem a bit strange to Reza though. His grandmother hadn't been in the best of health lately. Surely they could have gotten some of the neighbors to help look for him.

"Reza...Reza..."

The voice was only a few yards away now. Reza had a strong urge to call out to his grandmother; to let her know that he was here. But something still felt... off.

"Reza...Reza..."

And then he remembered. Reza's grandmother never recovered from her illness, she died last winter.

Just then another voice called out Reza's name. This one was more familiar...more welcoming. It was... Rehana!

"Oi! Pipsqueak get over here!" she yelled. And Reza complied. The boy wanted to rush ahead and hug his sister but he could barely see in front of him. He was also afraid of getting punched in the face for 'being a softy.'

"Amma is waiting for you, Reza. You shouldn't keep our mother waiting," Rehana said with a smile and Reza nodded vehemently in agreement.



Reza had never appreciated his candle-lit homestead so much before. His mother was sitting on the porch alone, counting prayer beads. The look of worry on her face changed to a relieved smile and then to a stern frown all within a fraction of a second when she finally saw Reza approaching.

"Your rice has gone cold," she said as her son approached her, returning to her prayer beads. Reza was sorry for having made her worry.

"I like it cold anyway."



“What’s in the pouch?”

Reza had all but forgotten the flowers he bought from the fair.

“Kadamba flowers.”

“Didn’t know you liked flowers.”

“They’re not for me. They’re for my sister.”

“For Rehana?” Reza’s mother said while looking up at him. He couldn’t quite tell what the look in her eyes meant, “Well you better give it to her then. No point in waiting till the flower wilts.”

It suddenly dawned on Reza that he hasn’t seen his sister since the forest.

“Where is she? Have you seen her?”

“Same place as always. She’s behind the house.” She said as she went back to her prayer beads. If Reza didn’t know better, he could have sworn he heard her whimper.

Reza walked around the family’s humble home. Even in the dark, he could make out two small bumps in the ground.

As realization dawned on him, Reza took the Kadamba flowers out of his pouch and placed them on the smaller of the two mounds.

“Thanks for everything, sis.” The boy whispered to the grave.

A single teardrop slid down his cheek.

A cool gust of wind enveloped Reza once again.

Church Clock

| Michaela Johnson



evidence of

| Stacey Berry

a man in the elevator at work this morning asks me if i am new
i've worked in the office right next to his for 8 years
and i tell him so
he says, really?

really
i spend most of the rest of the day in a daze
checking for permanent markers like beauty spots
and household bills

grab my cell phone and run
to the nearest live webcam
in the public courtyard outside the building
ring my mother and breathless desperate shout:

can you see me?

can you see me?

i wave and wave and wave.

no one looks
i can't tell if she's there

yes, she says, calm, as if the whole world hadn't almost negated me
beyond repair.

yes.

another shit in the sewer

| Justin Erickson

how dare you shove your ideas in my head
showing me the other side
where a god ushers the sick to its empire
to swallow the lesser
here we hang down from wires and cords
blood sliding into skulls
have you forgotten who I have become
who you used to be
don't you dare say I'm walking backwards
you know who men are
dead-brains who fuck their wives blindly
you know who I am
a lost little dog looking for the other side
another shit in the sewer
tell me nothing exists and I'm not here
tell me this isn't home
tell me how to plug my nose and ears
because I need to find a way



Eiffel Tower

| Michaela Johnson



Raven

| Sharnel Bierman



Barbara

| Mark Geary

A maple leaf stretches out
into the autumn air,
flat, intricate, delicate

It brushes by my car on the way to the airport
Specks of rain stain its face
and deepen into blotches of rust
like blood from an old wound.
And still it tumbles and tosses in the wind.

Her hand touches mine
in final farewell, and she is gone, forever.

As the wind carries her away,
I drive home, dazzled by a blazing sunrise
promising hope.

I would never see her again, alive
Yet the cold winter winds carry her voice:
Ich Liebe DicheI love you



Birdbath

| Len Mutzenberger



I Saw My Cousins Shooting Santa Claus

| Brianna Prill

When every year at Christmas time
My family gets together,
The younger boys, they play toy guns,
But would they shoot? No, never!

Until one quiet Christmas night
They heard a noise outside.
They grabbed their guns, ran out to fight.
“Bring Santa down!” they cried.

They stalked him through the trees and grass,
Fired pellets through the air.
The unsuspecting Santa Claus
Did not deserve this scare.

They shot him down, pulled off his beard,
And much to their surprise
The red suit figure who appeared
Was grandpa in disguise.



Leaves on Bridge

| Lindsey Pate



Night Touch

| Chelsea Meyer



Nước Mắm Pha

| Chris Tran

When I was young my favorite sauces were nước chấm. I loved the dried shredded squid, a salty snack of the best tasting and strongest smelling jerky you can imagine and we always had duck with white rice for Christmas. My Vietnamese father cooked nearly as often as my American mother and they're both phenomenal cooks. I grew up in South Dakota, a tan energetic little boy surrounded by less tan energetic little boys. Dad's cooking was the one pursuit in my life that truly connected me with his side of the family. When I was eight or nine, my family took a vacation to California to visit my father's many relatives. In California, among my Vietnamese relatives, I was not really Asian at all. I was different from my childhood friends and my Vietnamese relations. Much like coffee creamer, I was half and half. A deep desire in me awoke, to belong, to be part of, and to be accepted by someone. The longing stemmed from those byzantine childhood moments where I found myself standing on the wrong side of the looking glass. It would take time for me to realize in complexity, something I already understood in simplicity.

Nước chấm is the general name for a number of Vietnamese dipping sauces, but the best is nước mắm pha, mixed fish sauce. Warmly intricate, with rich, contrasting flavor; nước mắm pha is made from marinating minced garlic, shredded carrots and sliced hot peppers in a mixture of one part fish sauce, one part sugar and two parts water. Alone, every ingredient possesses grand qualities; however, it is only when brought together that the singular uniqueness of their complexity and combination can shine as nước mắm pha.

My father's past forms the meaningful foundations of his cooking. The youngest of four boys, my dad grew up in Vietnam during the turmoil of the Sixties and Seventies. Imagine a youth where one's nights are punctuated by mortar fire, where the distant sound of machineguns becomes commonplace. My father lived his youth alongside the real horror of war; in spite of that he never let war become the horror of his reality. As the youngest in his family, one of his primary responsibilities was to help his mother cook after he came home from school. His childhood stories are full of hunting crabs, finding ingredients, and climbing mango trees. It would be in grandma's kitchen, where my father's fantastic facilities with food began to blossom.



When the end came for South Vietnam, and the dissolution of that state was at hand, my father was the only one at home with my grandmother. Unable to locate her other sons, who were serving in the now overrun South Vietnamese Army, my grandmother made the difficult choice to flee with only her youngest. Words fail in any attempt to capture the sorrowful gravity of such a decision. In the harrowing exodus known as the Fall of Saigon, my dad left the land of his birth for a new home, America. Despite dealing with danger and death in my father's escape from his homeland, it is my father's life in America, the story of him and my mother meeting and falling in love, the totality of his American dream - that is my favorite story. Then, as a good book is made better with chocolate and a movie with popcorn, my father's story, which has become my own, is a life enriched by the flavor of food.

A plethora of fruits and vegetables are native to Vietnam. These fresh ingredients are the basis of Vietnamese cooking. Pickled relishes and fresh vegetables stand alongside an overabundance of fresh herbs and spices. Including: coriander, basil, garlic, ginger, mint and various peppers to as much compliment and flavor a dish as to deliver a beautiful array of colors. Hugely popular in Vietnamese cooking is seafood. My father attacks crab, lobster, oyster, squid, octopus, and fish with the same vigor to which I would attend a steak. Fish sauce or nước mắm, is an absolute delight, functionally table salt for the Vietnamese and goes in everything, and is processed from fermented anchovies and salt. With the most unadulterated brands using the viscera and all. As abysmal as fermented fish sounds, foods seasoned well, and with fish sauce, are some of the most flavorful dishes imaginable. Eggs, fish, pork, chicken, duck, beef or tofu, are all made better with garden herbs, fresh spices, and fish sauce.

Yet even in the basis of my dad's cooking, I noticed a very important idea. When I was growing up, dad made plenty of curry, an Indian dish, and he cooked tons of stir-fry, traditionally a Chinese fare. Furthermore, my favorite sandwich the bánh mì, was a baguette with pork, cucumber slices, cilantro, pickled carrots, shredded daikon, and spicy chili sauce. The baguette and the sandwich in general were obvious French influences. As a stoic young man, the only meaning I could divine in the culinary cultural infusion of my father was that, in much of Vietnam's two thousand year history, my father's homeland had been subjected to rule by other, more powerful nations. My cynical attitude caused me to miss

one important fact, every one of these dishes was made richer by the merging of different cuisines. Two cultures made one, and bettered.

My childhood memories reinforce the value of my dad's cooking. Sitting at the dinner table with my family will always be one of my most treasured memories. We would gather after school, work, and play, to enjoy a home-cooked meal, and the pleasure of each other's company. Dad would make chicken noodle soup from the leftovers of a roast chicken. Thick egg noodles, hearty pieces of flavorful chicken, slices of ginger, bits of garlic, celery, carrots, and peas, all cooked to perfection. My siblings and I would set the table with big white bowls, glasses for milk, napkins, and wonton soup spoons. We would each garnish and individualize our soup from the little bowls of fresh scallions, cilantro, and mint. Finally, we would add hot chili paste or soy sauce to suit our tastes.

Warm summer sun is the flavor of my father's soup and the aroma is like the embrace of an old friend. Rich golden broth peppered with greens from the vegetables and herbs; contrasted with the orange of the carrots; and framed by the almond white chicken. The first breath of steam from the piping stock is equal parts: cool ginger and hot chili. Scents of chicken and hints of fresh onion arise even before the taste; the wonton spoon is enough to capture noodle, chicken, broth and herb. The temperature is perfect, the colors, a picture. But the taste... there is nothing like the taste. The noodle is just beyond al dente, soft but firm; the roast chicken's flavor is complemented with heady garlic and supplemented with bittersweet mint. The vegetables carry the flavor of the broth, yet retain their solidity. The chicken melts on the tongue, like fresh cream. A strong bit of ginger cleanses the palate. An inhaled breath teases the mouth with smooth spicy heat. The first spoonful is ended, but the bowl awaits.

When I had friends over, and they stayed for supper. They always thought that my parents had gone out of their way to cook something grand and meaningful. For my parents, every meal we shared together was an occasion: grand and meaningful. That is the reason why I put so much significance on food.

My father never writes any of his recipes down. Lending his dishes a mystifying magnetism and ensures that they are infuriatingly hard to imitate. Yet, ever since I first heard the stories about my father helping



out in my grandmother's kitchen. I always loved to help out in the family's kitchen, especially when my dad cooks. No matter what part one plays in the undertaking, from actually cooking the meat to neatly wrapping the *gỏi cuốn*, or the fresh spring rolls. The joys of others is a joy wondrously shared.

Not that long ago I sojourned once again to California to attend my grandmother's birthday. Seeing relatives was pleasant, the formal dinner was satisfying, but my favorite portion of the trip happened to be an informal dinner held at a relatives home. My grandmother, alongside several others, took over the kitchen and prepared a big meal for all of us. As the youngest in attendance, and because I stood about rather listlessly, my grandmother enlisted me to help cook the meal. I found a strangely deep meaning in the busywork of chopping vegetables for the *gỏi gà*, chicken, and cabbage salad, and crushing peanuts for peanut sauce, *nước lèo*. Doing exactly what my father had done before, albeit with a bit nicer equipment and thousands of miles away from Vietnam, but right in grandma's kitchen. I had to laugh at myself. Those silly childhood questions I had raised, my grasping for identity, ethnicity, and culture, were rendered inconsequential by a cutting board and a food processor.

Learning the nuances of any culinary endeavor is a long road, with many burnt and terribly tasteless dishes. But I have hope for the future. Just as my father cooked with my grandmother, and I with my parents, I hope one day to be masterful enough at their meals to present them proudly to my own family. For food has more meaning than most of us assign. Food can evoke memories, feelings, and wishes, good or ill. For me food was the catalyst of an identity discovery. As well as I did in any pursuit, academic, athletic or amusement, I floundered with my self-identity. For me, the looking glass had become an insurmountable separation. But those little family meals cut through the absurdity of my mental irrationality.

My father's food is my link to his heritage; my family's story is my link to my own. Thanks to all the spaghetti dinners with Asian flavored meatballs and all the stir-fries with suspiciously continental ingredients. I exist as a literal fusion of my parent's cuisines. I have an identity that I share with every Vietnamese and every American. I understand, in the simplistic act of the family meal. I know now I am ethnically disparate, but culturally whole. I am one part sugar and one part fish sauce, and just like *nước mắm pha*, my life is delicious.

the drunk poet.

| Jenna Sorsen

she speaks in
drunken verse

pretty words on her tongue

similes slip down
her throat

and sentences slur into stanzas.



The Candy Man

| Michaela Johnson

Sometimes when we go to the
Five and dime, mama gives me
A nickel so I can buy one of the
Colorful candies from the counter.
The nice man behind the counter
With the kind eyes and friendly face
Smiles at me while he puts the
Licorice stick that I chose into a
Brown paper bag.

The man doesn't look like mama
And daddy and me. His skin is
Darker and his eyes remind me of
Mama's chocolate cake. When
He gives me the candy he calls me
"Little lady" and I see mama frown.
I don't think mama likes the candy
Man.

When we get home I hear mama
Talking to daddy.
Daddy starts talking about
A doctor; and he sounds angry. Maybe
Someone is sick. The candy man is
Nice. And doctors make people better.
I don't know why mama and daddy
Are upset.



Fox

| Ashley Geditz



a sit-down with nature

| Jenna Sorsen

blue bird
flits from tree to tree
paying no attention
at all to me

gray valleys up ahead
blanketed in mist,
as if by ghostly lips
they've been kissed.

sunshine streams
through branched holes,
the hills beyond o'er,
their green bellies full.



Wild Flowers

| Abbie Graham



Contributors

Ashley Geditz is an English for New Media Major at DSU. She enjoys reading and writing poetry and watching movies. Her true passion is to guess the endings of movies and then ruin it for other people. However, she spends most of her time getting into shenanigans with her roommate Chelsea Meyer.

Stacey Berry, Assistant Professor of English for New Media at DSU, has a thing for words. She has written love poems to the Green Lantern and to faulty html coding and to the unreality of meaning. She wonders if you are there. And, if she is, too.

Justin Erickson is a Digital Arts and Design student at DSU, majoring in Production Animation.

Michaela Johnson is a writer studying English for New Media at DSU. She is currently a senior. Michaela works at the Madison Public Library and in her spare time she enjoys reading, photography, and shenanigan-filled road trips.

Jenna Sorsen is an Elementary Education major here at DSU. Her passions include photography, nature, reading, writing and painting. Avocados are her favorite food, and Journey is her favorite band. Jenna hopes to travel the world someday.

Brianna Prill is a full-time reader, writer, and class-attender at DSU, studying English for New Media. New to creative writing, she is most at home reading and writing about Modern and Postmodern American Literature. Brianna lives in Mitchell, SD, and in her spare time she enjoys making lists, drinking lattes, rearranging her nail polish collection, and gently harassing her family, friends, and cat.

Mostafa Haque is a Game Design major from Banglades, not India. In his spare time, Mostafa enjoys doing homework and going to classes in a timely manner.

Chris Tran is a spritely lad who grew up across the American Midwest. An undergraduate student in Underwater Basket Weaving; Chris is also a writer, sometimes, never, almost, not, infrequently, whenever the mood strikes him. When he is not frolicking freely in the forests, he lives with his family in the Black Hills of South Dakota.

Dillon Dwyer is an English for New Media Major from Milbank, SD. He is also a budding yogi and avid reader of DC comics. When not exercising his creative liberties, Mr. Dwyer likes to compete in illicit underground thumb wrestling tournaments, where he is know by the name “beefcakes” and currently ranked #7 in the region.

Rick Janssen enjoys word play, thus, poetry plumes.

Dr. Geary teaches Educational Technology, Reading Comprehension and Children's Literature at Dakota State. Looking at the intersection of literacy and technology, he is learning to love how poetry can enhance both. The poem Barbara owes much to the inspiration of poets and authors Shirley McPhillips and Sharon Creech, and of course, Barbara.

Jared Truman grew up in Beresford, South Dakota and graduated high school in 2012. As a junior, he has been attending Dakota State University ever since his graduation in 2012 and has been pursuing a degree of becoming a Graphic Designer with a Minor in Art.

Len Mutzenberger is a DAD major in Computer Graphics. Spends his free time playing video game and reading when not drawing or taking photos.

Sarah Sproul is an English for New Media graduating senior at DSU. She is native to Harrisburg, South Dakota and has a deep infatuation for books, cats, and chocolate.

Sharnel Bierman, or Nelie for short, is a Digital Arts and Design major. She will be graduating this May. The photo she submitted was taken while on a photo trip in 2013 at the Tower of London.

Ashley 'Ashes' Burtz is a Motion Graphics major attending her fourth year at DSU. She is inspired by real world situations with a touch of fantasy, whimsy and psychedelics. Her goals are to become a freelance artist and a publish her own comic book after she graduates in the year of 2016.

Lindsey Pate's photographs started out as a project for the DSU Photography Club. She and her dad drove out to Newton Hills State Park which is about 15 minutes from her hometown of Canton, South Dakota. She took pictures of flowers, trees, and many other beautiful features of nature. She and her dad had so much fun that day exploring through the trees of Newton Hills. She is really excited at how her photos turned out and is so grateful to show them off!

Chelsea Meyer is a senior at DSU majoring in Digital Arts and Design, Computer Graphics, with a Photography Minor. She enjoys photography, watching movies, and spending as much quality time with her lovely roommate Ashley Geditz.

Abbie Graham is a photographer and a DSU staff member/alumni. She loves outdoor and travel photography, as well as taking pictures at events for friends and family. When she's not taking pictures, she enjoys reading, hiking, knitting, and hanging out with her awesome dog, Callie.



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